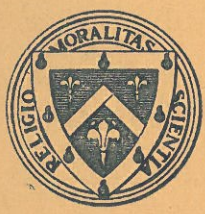


Vol 8
#1

MEASURE



AUTUMN - WINTER
1945

MEASURE



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1945

SAINT JOSEPH'S of INDIANA

A College For Men

Collegeville, Indiana

M E A S U R E

(All-Catholic Rating, 1944-1945)

Editor

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Associate Editors

BERNARD R. WHALEY, JR.

RALPH M. CAPPUCILLI

Faculty Adviser

REV. S. H. LEY, C.P.P.S.

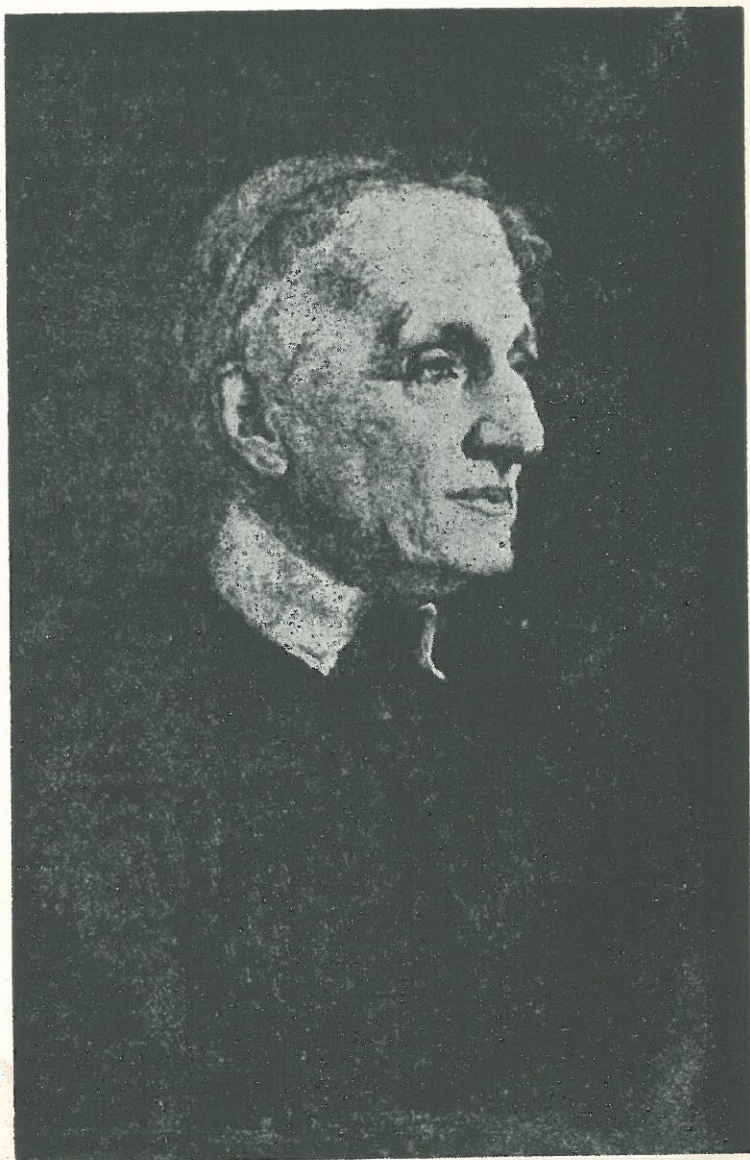
Volume VIII	1945 — 1946	Number 1
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CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Blueprints for the World of Tomorrow	Msgr. Felix Seroczynski	5
They Shall Know the Difference Now	James W. Bender	17
Apple Blossoms	Bernard W. Royle	21
Dryden's Conversions	George De Maro	25
A Matter for Observation	Bernard R. Whaley, Jr.	32
Racial Prejudice	Ralph M. Cappuccilli	35
The Stephen Foster of the Twentieth Century	Richard P. Girt	38
On Buying a Book	Frederick J. Hunnefeld	41
Kindling	John C. Yankee	44
The Biography of a River	John E. Bolan	46
Editorial		49

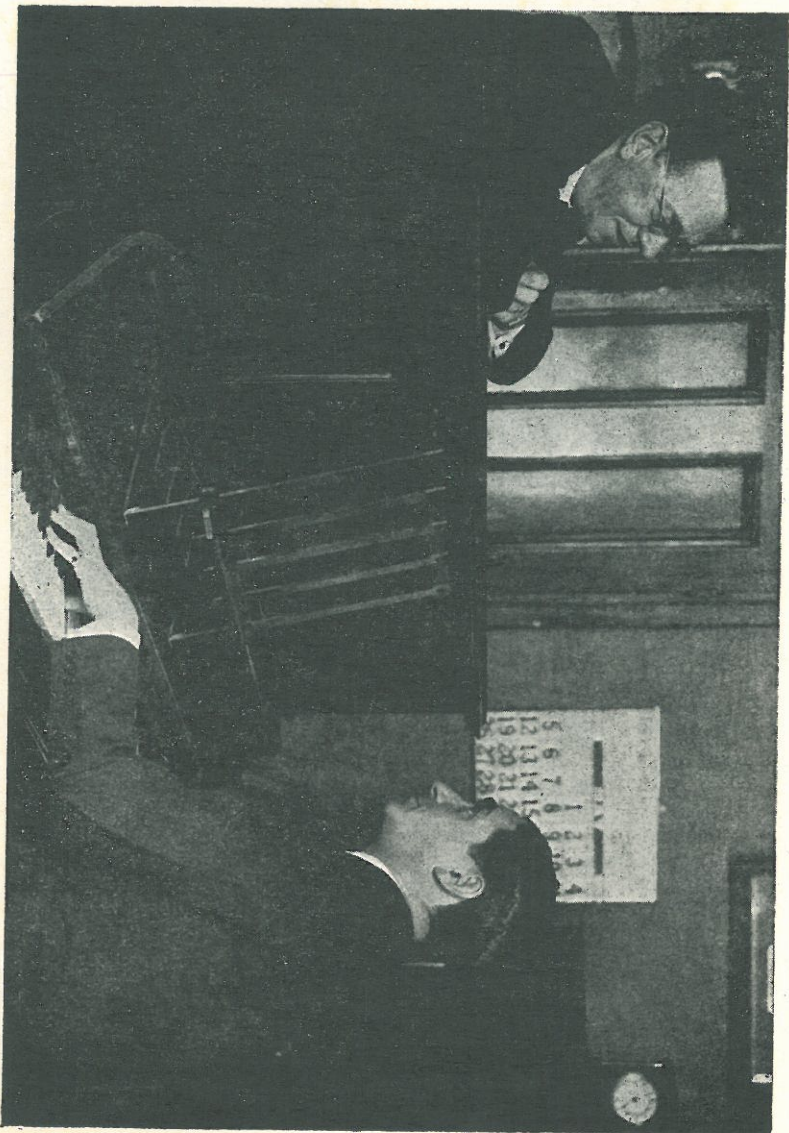
Book Reviews:

<i>The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith</i>	Bernard R. Whaley, Jr.	50
<i>Bolts of Melody</i>	Stephen E. Almasz	51
<i>Catholic Art and Culture</i>	John G. Bosch	54
<i>A Newman Synthesis</i>	Emil F. Dinkel	55
<i>Deep Delta Country</i>	John E. Royle	56
<i>Adventures in Grace</i>	Richard A. Geever	57
<i>John Dooley—Confederate Soldier</i>	Leo F. Herber	59



John Henry Cardinal Newman

—“Acme Photo”



—“Acme Photo”
Irving Berlin Tries It Over—“This Is the Army”—Irving Berlin

Blueprints for the World of Tomorrow

MSGR. FELIX SEROCZYNSKI, '99

Happily, the Very Rev. Msgr. Felix Seroczynski, '99, pastor of St. Lawrence Church, Muncie, in the new diocese of Lafayette in Indiana, permitted us to print in MEASURE his excellent article, "Blueprints for the World of Tomorrow." It deserves much wider distribution than it will receive in these pages. Msgr. Seroczynski's blueprints, addressed to the "Leaders of Tomorrow," to whom St. Joseph's consecrates its efforts, are a sure and sincere guide to builders everywhere. The address was given on the occasion of the first formal visit to St. Joseph's College of His Excellency, Most Rev. John G. Bennett, D.D., first bishop of the Diocese of Lafayette in Indiana, Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, April 11, 1945.

It is no conventional assertion of diffidence when I tell you that there are many in my audience far more capable of formulating and analyzing blueprints for the world of tomorrow than is your speaker. But it is possible that the opinions of one with no special talents or qualifications other than experience of forty-one years in the priesthood may have a modicum of worth.

This experience in the priesthood has been more than ordinarily wide, mostly with the poor, it is true, but with the poor whose sons and daughters are eager and alert to neither fumble nor muff any opportunity to improve their own lot. Many of these still harbor remnants of an old-world outlook, and it is here that the Catholic secondary school has a distinct task before it. Some of these elements are not a little antagonistic to one another, and it is the work of the Catholic college to develop a leadership that must succeed in welding these elements if the Church is to be a factor in American life in a proportion to which one would naturally suppose its numerical strength would entitle it. A recent contributor to the *London Tablet* writes:

"The Church does not make much impact on the con-

sciousness of Americans save as a religious and charitable institution. There is no general awareness of a specific and recognizable Catholic contribution to the national life."

A disadvantage under which we Catholics in America labor is the fear each of us unconsciously nurses, the fear of offending one another by the utterance of sincere criticism of those in another group of different origin. And yet it is imperative that we take a long-range view of our work, the one view that gives dignity to all our work, even to our daily tasks. All things pass. God alone remains. Men come and go. Our cause abides, for our cause is Christ. In the light that comes from the True Light every trifle becomes tremendous. Yet we can afford to be patient with the patience of Christ.

We have been told by a friendly critic from without the fold that we American Catholics are untrue to our own glorious traditions, that we copy the worst of those who are not of us and fail even to make our own their virtues. If only we were true to our own traditions we would ever seek the classic, the permanent, with passionate enthusiasm. We need not be mendicants at the doors of strangers. There is hope of amendment where there is not lacking the courage to examine one's conscience. So let us examine our collective conscience with a view of learning from our concrete failures what are our attitudes. No chemistry can so fuse elements as can the human heart fuse motives. To disengage these motives, to learn both the sources and the bases of our attitudes, requires thought of the most toilsome kind and an honesty of purpose seldom found. "There is no expedient," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "to which men will not resort to avoid the real labor of thinking."

"Self-knowledge," says Father Maturin, "has nothing to do with mere intellectual insight, but is largely if not entirely moral." *Noverim Te, noverim me.* The deepest thing in the world is the human heart. There is but one thing deeper, and that is many hearts where there is constant interplay of heart upon heart. Our weaknesses always betray us. Peter misjudged himself when he swore fidelity to his master. Self-revelation is sometimes vouchsafed us by courageous comparison. I can see my own pettiness so very clearly when I read Mrs. Burton's *Sorrow Built a Bridge*, or Mr. Farrow's *Damien, the Leper*; when I hear Father Damien say to his stricken flock, "We lepers."

There has been given us One in Whom and through Whom we can

learn all our false attitudes. We cannot understand ourselves, our fellowmen, or the world at large unless we ponder and understand why God became man. If like unto the multitude about us we see in Jesus Christ only the man, albeit, the perfect, the ideal man, both our theology and our philosophy of life will be borrowed from the pages of some best seller of the type of *The Robe*, *The Apostle*, or *The Keys of the Kingdom*. But we to whom it has been given to believe realize full well that the need of poor fallen human nature is something that the merely natural, however ideal or perfect, cannot supply; and so we see in Jesus Christ God Incarnate, the Word made flesh for us and for our salvation. In every Mass the Church prays through her priest:

“O God, Who hast wonderfully ennobled human nature in creating it, and still more wonderfully renewed it, grant us by the mystical signification of this union of water and wine that we may be made partakers of the divinity even as our Lord Jesus Christ Thy Son, deigned to become a partaker of our humanity.”

God breathed into a body the breath of life, and it was out of that body fallen through sin that God promised a Redeemer. The promise is ever narrowed down to a race, to a tribe, to a family. In the fulness of time it was in the Immaculate Body that the Word was made Flesh. And when this Incarnate word on the first Pentecost sent down His Spirit upon the fearful twelve, He galvanized them into a Body, His Body, the Church, and I by my mystical presence on Calvary—for my baptism was just that—am incorporated into a living Body, into the Personality of the God become Man. I am a partaker of the Divine Nature a little lower than the angels but God's darling still.

Now do I comprehend my own dignity; it is in the Incarnation of God's Son that this my dignity is imbedded. Nothing within me is trivial now, for all within me has an eternal worth. Every thought that I think, every word that I speak, and every deed that I do is hedged about by Divinity. On the other hand, my every misdeed violates God's Body. “Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me—not mine!” This Life that is now my life lends new color to all and throws all into a new perspective. In this Light success and failure are but incidents; now, indeed, I understand that what men call

success is all too frequently bought at the fearful price of moral failure. The Cross remains the symbol of the triumph of failure.

Christ is Life. The touch of the Word made Flesh makes mute lips speak and deaf ears hear. "Before Abraham was I am." There can no longer be a merely natural life for any man. "I am the Vine. You are the branches." "He that abideth in Me and I in him, the same beareth much fruit." "Without Me you can do nothing."

The Incarnation is the focal point of all humanity. It alone gives life a purpose and all education a unifying principle, for all truth is pendent from it. Without it all life becomes fragmentary and fantastic. God has become man and shows me how to live if I would be like unto God. "Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect" becomes a livable pattern of life. "I am the Way." The Church is God's Son projected into the ages, and of that authoritative Personality I am a living cell. The God-Man is no mere founder of a philosophy of life, and I am no mere disciple in His school.

In all nature man alone is unpredictable. We can see no pattern in his work. Human minds and human hearts are warped. Reason is frustrated by its own insufficiency to learn the cause of its inefficiency, for reason has been shadowed by sin. And so it is that we need men of the faith big enough morally and intellectually not to miss the proper solution in appraising men and events.

It was a pagan who exclaimed that only a god come to earth could cure earth's ills. God did so come. The center of all Catholic life is the God-Man. Without Him the doctrine of original sin is forfeit, and the chaos about us defies human effort. Concerning no other dogma has the Church been so solicitous. The Incarnation is the ceaseless renewal of mankind. God would ever make of earth a paradise. Man is forever making it a vale of tears.

Vast movements are unrolling before our very eyes. Shall we miss their significance until tragic mistakes have been made? We need leaders who speak a Catholic idiom and thoroughly understand it. Our fellow citizens of heterodox beliefs and no beliefs use the same words as do we; yet these words have different values from those we give them. God, heaven, hell, Jesus Christ, Savior, Redeemer, Holy Scripture, the Church, Salvation, indeed, good and evil, acquire different meanings falling from different lips. All of which imposes

still another obligation upon us: we must be generous in allowing for the inability of others to readily understand us.

Christ's hatred for sin and yet withal His gentleness toward the weak, the poor, the erring, and the sinful, is Incarnate Wisdom's way made plain.

We need leaders who are filled with the Catholic spirit, who have learned to think with the Church, and who are instant in detecting the false ring in contemporary thought, whether in some opus of Will Durant or George Santayana or Rheinhold Niebuhr. Do we have leaders so steeped in Catholic tradition, culture and learning, and yet of a culture so universal that those outside the fold would be instinctively drawn to them in seeking direction?

When we have grasped the universality of the Incarnation we begin to understand the solidarity of the human race, that there is neither gentile nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free, but that Christ is all and in all. It was anti-Semitism that kept Henry Bergson out of the Church, always of course, prescinding from the grace of God.

The Catholic college, bearing in mind the universal implications of the Incarnation, will contribute enormously to the growth and spiritual prosperity of the Church in America by courageously opening its doors to black, and brown and white. The fact that we desire a place in the sun for our schools is little enough by way of justification for race discrimination. The school that will thus contribute to a Christ-like solution of the race problem can count on God's benediction, and I for one do not believe that the maledictions of men will materialize as faint hearts fear. May it not be that the only thing we need really fear is fear? It ill befits us, whose fathers but one or two short generations ago came to these shores with no assets other than their willing hands and the faith of their fathers, to hedge ourselves in by artificial barriers and constitute ourselves a synthetic aristocracy.

"The Lord," writes Max Jordan, "has no step-children." The submerged tenth of the American people may no longer be exploited.

Very recently a great American woman passed to her reward, Mother Grace Cowardin Damman, President of Manhattanville College. Her vision was a *militia Christi*, an aristocracy of heart and

mind, a Catholic elite, a Catholic intelligentsia if you will. This strong woman, cast in heroic mould, when the storm of anti-Semitism was overwhelming Europe, enrolled the first Negro girl among her students and in a courageous speech challenged them to solve the race problem in the light of the Incarnation and Redemption.

I wish my hearers might have enjoyed an experience that was mine but a few evenings ago when as an honored guest I sat at a banquet with some seven or eight hundred Negroes and listened to the eloquence of the Negro president of a Negro university whose enrollment runs into the thousands. It is for us, the leaders of the Catholic forces in America, to teach all nations that the only way of extricating ourselves from the mire into which hatred and war have dragged us is the sincere and honest recognition of the solidarity of the human race, a truth too long ignored by many of the household of the faith. Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, thus expresses this truth:

"This solidarity is not partial—limited to some people—but universal—embracing all. It is founded on the intimate connection of their mutual and equal destinies and rights."

Our Catholic leader of tomorrow must be bold enough to break with traditions that are founded on prejudice, and our whole conduct must be based on eternal principles. The Catholic graduate of a Catholic college must be big enough to have at heart the interests of the whole community and not merely a Catholic constituency; within the Church must signify to him the Church universal and not merely a caste or a class within it. The Catholic leader must no longer be the present-day type of "Catholic" politician.

What is a Catholic leader? Is he merely the president of the Holy Name Society or the Grand Knight of the local council? He probably will be all this, but he must be much more. He should be a Catholic steeped in Catholic tradition and culture, a Catholic intensely interested in the welfare of our country, who seeks our country's welfare with Catholic eyes, but with cultured Catholic eyes. And Catholic means universal. His fellow countrymen of all beliefs will yield him voice because they recognize his vision and sincerity. This leader will not shirk civic duties. Even at great personal inconvenience he must accept invitation after invitation to meetings where he may be bored. He will learn to know the important and the near important

men in his community. Personal triumph and personal disaster are but incidents to him who seeks to advance the cause of Christ.

We do not want a leadership that comes to us because the politicians for reasons of their own seek one of our group for this board or that and make inquiry of us as to the one who is most important in our midst. Let it work the other way. Let our Catholic college graduate of brains, culture, and character so impress himself upon the whole community that long before others have even learned of his faith he has been marked as outstanding by them. Then they, learning of his faith, will be quick to identify the man with his faith. We knew all along that he was outstanding, but he needed neither push nor pull from us to make him such.

“You are the salt of the earth. But if the salt lose its savor wherewith shall it be salted? You are the light of the world. A city seated on a mountain cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel but upon a candlestick, that it may shine to all that are in the house. So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father Who is in heaven.”

Let us be ever honest with our fellowmen and ourselves. Let us never permit any man to represent us concerning whose intellectual, cultural or moral maturity we have reason to doubt. More than that, let us heed the words of that German bishop who warns his flock never to permit the enemy to so outmaneuver us that we find ourselves defending that which deserves no defence.

The priest who attends every civic gathering guards our interests. In his presence the antagonistic remark will remain unsaid. He learns the attitude of others. He will be invited repeatedly. It must ever be borne in mind that our faith itself gives us a culture and a power of utterance that is not lost on others.

Do our elementary schools impart religious instruction adequately? My conclusions may be jejune, but I give them to you. Few nuns are successful teachers of religion. They fail to interpret religion in terms of life. Only too frequently our good sisters know little of life and nothing of the community in which they live except what they see through the children's eyes. Since no credits are needed for the teaching of religion, the temptation before them is obvious. Would

it not be well to departmentalize the teaching of religion and have select nuns, if one may use the expression, such as have mature judgment, who have entered the community in their twenties rather than in their early teens, devote all their time exclusively to the teaching of religion and the allied branches of bible and church history?

What can be the explanation of the fact that a mere two hundred thousand American Catholics read Catholic books or even the more mature Catholic publications? The Catholic college should have the answer. How many graduates of our Catholic colleges could identify this passage:

“Two rights which democracies guarantee to their citizens, as the very term democracy implies, are that they shall have full freedom to set forth their own views of the duties and sacrifices imposed upon them, and that they will not be compelled to obey without being heard”?

How many of our Catholic college graduates have read the Holy Father's marvelous Christmas message? Or the papal encyclicals of the past fifty years? Is that asking too much? Very well. The English Catholics, who are a veritable *pusillus grex*, support the *Tablet*, *The Universe*, *The Herald*, *The Dublin Review*, *Blackfriars*, all within the narrow area of London. If we wish to read something worth while from a Catholic standpoint written in English why must we import Chesterton and Belloc, Dawson and Hollis and Gwynn, Ronald Knox and Hugh Benson, Frank Sheed and Maisie Ward, Alice Meynell and Francis Thompson, Alfred Noyes and Michael De La Bedoyere, and of course the classic Newman and Dalgairns? Did graduates of American Catholic colleges translate Claudel and Maritain and Gilson for our enjoyment?

Why not send out a questionnaire to our Catholic college graduates: Since graduation, what books have you read? What papers do you read? What do your children read?

The ideal of all Catholic education must be to make us think with the Church, to get a grip on eternal principles. The Church will ever be attacked, and in the course of time for exactly opposite reasons. Eternal principles must be mastered if we are not to be mere opportunists. With a grip on these principles and with an understanding of our own times, we shall be masters who out of our treasures shall

be able as the times demand to bring forth new things and old. The Catholic is of eternity.

We can of course turn life into a parody, treating trifles with mock gravity by giving political, social, and even intellectual struggles a worth that dies with the day. But we who have the faith must ever give life an eternal meaning, for with us it is ever dawn.

Let us then have first things first. And let us ever be genuine. We want no synthetic Catholic culture which would use Christ and His Blessed Mother for decorative effects, which strives to create a religious atmosphere by the use of deep blues and reds in stained glass windows but forgets to say its prayers; that finds beauty in the Poverello but utterly misses the motive that led the Poverello to espouse My Lady Poverty; that goes into ecstasies over a medieval crucifix but would shrink in horror from the first crucifix on which hung the crimsoned, spittle-covered form of the Incarnate God. Refined culture which lacks the supernatural is a prelude to a refined brutality, and quite the most vulgar thing in the world is an affectation of refinement. It is all very well to study the liturgical colors, the appointments on the altar and in the sanctuary, but it is immeasurably more important to know the answer to the questions: Why liturgy, why altar, why sanctuary, why priest, why crucifix, and why, O why the Cross?

It should all lead back to the **God-Man**.

Walter Lippman writes of the modern man:

"Each activity has its own ideal, indeed a succession of ideals—for there is no ideal which unites them all and sets them in order. Each ideal is supreme within a sphere of its own."

There is no point of reference outside of which we can determine the relative value of competing ideals. The modern man desires health, he desires money, he desires power, beauty, truth; but which shall he desire most? Since he cannot pursue them all to their logical conclusion, he has no means of deciding. His impulses are no longer in hierarchy under one lordly ideal.

Now we as Catholics must hold that the Catholic college will have failed in its purpose if it has not instilled a desire for knowledge,

not provided a way of life, if it has not coordinated the student's impulses into one attitude; if it has not integrated all ideals under one lordly ideal, the other-world attitude toward all life. It will have failed if it has not filled the student with the conviction that the need of the day is more intensive and more extensive application of Catholic thought to all the problems of life, to make God Incarnate in his own life and in the lives of those with whom he comes in contact.

The Catholic graduate of a Catholic college may not be a Catholic in creed and a pagan in culture, know the Catholic answers and assume the thoroughly pagan attitudes. He must major in Catholic life, which will flower in Catholic Action of which we hear so much and see so little unless Catholic Action means Bingo, Bunco, or cheering for a Catholic football team.

In the ages of faith the study of God was the unifying basis of all study. The lips of the Schoolmen opened to the "Vexilla Regis," "Pange Lingua," "Adoro Te." Their age gave us the *Summa* and the *Divine Comedy*; the lovely colors of Fra Angelico; Chartres, Notre Dame, Lincoln and Salisbury, and the most perfect imitation of Christ in the Poor Man of Assisi. Their age made Paris the intellectual center of the world and yet so devoid of nationalism that not one of its great teachers was a Frenchman. (Etienne Gilson in *Medieval Universalism*.)

The theologian of today outside the Church of the Schoolmen studies a theology without God; his thesis for a degree concerns itself with some social phase of the Stockyards district or the Gary Steel Mills. The world has become a mechanism, and its psychology has no soul. The ideals of the world are fragmentary, lacking coherence and permanence. Ours must be the other-world attitude, which alone can give us the long-range view. Compromise will give us the unpredictable Catholic who will fail even as a wordling because remnants of his Catholic instinct will persist in asserting themselves most inopportunately. In more ways than one can we interpret the warning: "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?" What will it profit the Church in America if it grow mighty in numbers and physical magnificence and lose its Catholic mind? With the faith as with civilizations and cultures there are golden eras and then decline. It takes time to note the decay. Long after the substance has departed the classic form may linger to deceive.

It has been well said that a Catholic college must be a laboratory of speculative thought. Now the aim of our speculative thought is the study of fundamentals, of principles underlying all human activity, offering practical solutions for every problem in the light of Catholic faith. There is not a question agitating the minds of men that has not its Catholic implications. Bretton Woods, Dumbarton Oaks, San Francisco, Mexico City, John Lewis, French-Canada, Argentina, Franco, The Curzon Line, peace-time conscription—all these reach down to the poorest day laborer, and it is of tremendous importance to the man with the shovel that the Catholic college graduate be trained in straight thinking. Our Catholic intelligentsia must make clear its own thought and give us a program if the rank and file are to be given trustworthy guidance. If the Catholic college graduate be mute, then the WPA man of the next depression facing us will be an easy prey of the demagog and political charlatan.

We can lose our ability to discern error. We are not directly attacked by the metropolitan press or the publications meant for the elite few, and we may be lulled into a sense of false security. Daily we are absorbing tons of papers whose editors blandly assume that Christianity has few moral or intellectual claims upon us. It is not impossible for us all to lose our Catholic-mindedness. It is the task of the Catholic college to arrange forces that will oppose those seeking to dechristianize modern life. God would ever make earth a paradise. Man is ever making it a vale of tears. In the confusion of our day, earnest men are appalled by the lack of straight thinking on the part of those most active in the shaping of human events, and the utter lack of thought on the part of those whose destinies are being shaped. It is ours to project Christ into our national life. And yet how much do we Catholics influence American life? Our Catholic British critics say that we influence it not at all. They make the unequivocal assertion that we have done no one thing which we can claim as our very own achievement.

To impress men of culture I must myself be cultured. The most exclusive aristocracy in the world is that which exists among men and women of learning, intelligence, virtue, and refinement. If minds of the highest type surrender to Catholic teaching it does not prove absolutely the truth of Catholic doctrine, but it does prove that the faith must be deserving of deepest respect. So in a community the

presence of intelligent, learned, virtuous, Catholics will silence antagonism where mere argument would be futile. We can show forth Christ by living His attitudes, which is but another way of making the Word Incarnate.

We may not follow where we should lead. We may not permit others from motives of pure altruism to do better work than do we, whose motives must be of the highest because they are supernatural. We may not allow the stranger to do social work among our own to the detriment of souls. The Church will cease to be Christ when she ceases to be the Church of the poor. And it is no small part of the work of the Catholic college to ponder and to counteract the influences that cause the children of the poor acquiring wealth to desert the Church. To be Christ-like, then, the attitude of our leaders must be not merely that of teachers of doctrine; they must show forth a sympathy in all that affects men, particularly in all that affects the poor, the weak, the stupid, and the sinful. Let us teach the multitudes by day, nor yet disdain the wavering Nicodemus by night, striving with all the strength that is ours to make God's Son Incarnate in the minds and hearts of men, for "*per ipsum and cum ipso et in ipso, est Tibi Deo Patri omnipotenti, in unitate Spiritus Sancti omnis honor et gloria.*"

TO A FRIEND DEPARTED

*You leaned against my heart,
And melted there a hollow—
Deepening into my soul,
Ever full of generous strength.*

*Tremulous and quivering are the depths raw.
Love's entwining tendons,
Torn and empty at the hollow's bottom,
Will clasp remembrance noble.*

James W. Bender.

“They Shall Know the Difference Now!”

JAMES W. BENDER

On the night of October 9, 1845, a bowed champion, stripped of his Oxford glory, staggered from a wilderness of agonizing doubts to the threshold of the Church of Rome. An iron will and a sterling passion for truth had driven there the lone figure, gaunt with suffering and tired in mind and in heart.

As a young man John Henry Newman had withdrawn from a possible complacent satisfaction in all that was Anglican, and had stepped back to view the decadent edifice that was his home. With an ardent eye he proposed repairs here, additions to fervor there. But in finding the ideal that guided his proposed improvements—the primitive Church of the Fathers—he found the cornerstone of what was now grown into the Church of Rome. His attention was seized by this Church of Rome. Between the Anglican and the Roman edifices he stood, comparing and debating.

Both churches, although they seemed decadent, were noble structures. But one must be, and only one can be, the continuation of the fervent embryo of Apostolic times. Newman meticulously examined the doctrines and history of each and compared his findings to the vibrant, pure solidity of the Church of the early Fathers. His heart and intellect writhed in battle on a torturous *via media*, as he recognized that truth was held by the Roman Church. With pleasure, yet with heart cowering from the pain of separation, Newman's conscience and intellectual sense of truth wrenched him from the uncertain *via media* and set him firmly on the *via Ecclesia Romanae*.

Despite the lack of a comforting welcome into the society of Rome, the gentle scholar with the giant intellect fought for its welfare as he had for Anglicanism. Cries of “traitor” reverberated across from the English edifice he had started to help rebuild, and stares of suspicion haunted him among Rome's pillars. The first he silenced; the latter he melted by the keen sincerity of his soul-probing *Apologia*. To the Anglican Church he gave a reeling blow; into the last dying

embers of the Catholic Church in England he fanned new life and power by the influence of his conversion.

The rays from his momentous decision reached far and strong. The sunless fog and mire that had made him a martyr to truth were pierced by these rays of influence; by them many another great-souled struggler for truth was guided to Peter's bark. Newman was Anglicanism's unplanned payment of the debt which was due English Catholicism since the latter's overthrow in the Reformation. He was the Luther who protested Anglicanism the false daughter of the early Fathers.

With his new mother and brothers Newman remained outstanding, not by choice, but by nature. The dynamic soul within him radiated the treasures of its depths to all. As a director of souls Newman's personal influence was great, for he knew the workings of the human heart. He spoke to his associate without eloquence or gesture, but with a thrilling earnestness and a knowledge of human nature seldom equalled. His words reached into the hearts of his listeners—gentle, sure-touching fingers that lifted away with kindness all privacy, so that the listener saw his own heart and felt that Newman, too, saw it, and was talking over its problems in particular. Sanity and clarity made delectable his every thought, and complete sincerity made it irresistible.

Newman's greatest asset in influencing souls to good was his own example. This gentle man with the tremendous will appeared to Richard Holt Hutton "one who loved God more than all creature consolations, and truth better than dear friends." The brilliance of Newman's words and the power of his influence were given more depth and force by the background of great-souledness that his fearless will had woven for him. The fine gold of his pen and the piercing beauty of his tongue became more captivating on account of a restrained power in this keen man who had sought truth and drank it from a bitter cup.

As Newman's stooped figure strode beneath the banner of the Church of Rome, the personality that had caused all Oxford to whisper in veneration still drew eyes and hearts to itself. By sincerity he softened his brilliance—though he did not weaken it—so that with men's minds came their hearts to taste of it. Sincerity wafted from

Newman like the swaying scent of a rose. Even when enemies seemed to have him overwhelmed, this admirable virtue kept intellects attuned to his genius, for

*"... you can break and crush the vase if you will
But the scent of the rose will cling to it still."*

A pure radiance shone from Newman's soul. This radiance reached into men's hearts and won them by its beauty and generosity, instead of storming them with unrefined vigor from which they would recoil in bristling self-defence.

The influence of Newman within the Church of Rome did not end on August 11, 1890, when he staged—with God the sole spectator—his *Dream of Gerontius*. The brilliance of his mind that won intellects with simple sincerity, the restrained personality that drew hearts by gentle insight into them, the clear-toned sermons that inspired wills by thrilling earnestness—these still radiate a lofty influence. Today in Newman's papered genius we yet find something classic and eternal, something noble and inspiring, something keen with a restrained warmth. Our appreciation of the literary testimonials to Newman's genius is heightened by an esteem of the character of their author, just as in Newman's lifetime the effect of his words was furthered by the influence of a sterling character and a winning personality.

Newman transplanted the Oxford Movement from the Church of his Oxford days to the Church that was his mother after October 9, 1845. As Newman with his influence was practically all of the Movement at Oxford, so after the days of Littlemore, Newman was himself the transplanted Oxford Movement. He was the straight-limbed, towering tree transplanted into the midst of scrawny, low-lying scrubs that were the remnants of the once flourishing forest of English Catholicism. In the wake of the initiative of this great tree, and the persuasion of its example, many whitened shrubs greened with new life, while round about transplanted trees set their roots. The native trees flourished and the transplanted ones multiplied, until now, the hundredth day of the spring that started with the appearance of Newman, the circle of Catholic growth has flung its radius far over England and even throughout the world.

Although the life span of the first transplanted tree has closed, God preserves it in perpetual viridity, so that yet today we experience

the strength of its infused sap, and profit from the sight of its unplanned greatness and the presence of its gently powerful influence. The Catholic was indeed the unexpected *they* of the resolution that Newman with a fire of earnest ardor had carved into his soul as he hastened from the Mediterranean to his Anglican work in England—
"They shall know the difference now!"

Red and Black

The American Negro has not been fighting alone. Communists have been at his side. In 1919, when the Communist party was organized, I. E. Ferguson, a Negro, was among the founders; for more than the next decade he ran as vice-presidential candidate on the Red ticket. Also, in the first program advanced by the Reds in this country, the Negro cause was definitely and forcefully expressed.

Two conclusions can be drawn. First, the Communist party, although organized only toward the end of the second decade of this century, was working among the Negroes immediately after the Civil War. Secondly, during that time they had so well established their beach head that they were able to produce Negro leaders to rally their own race under the Red banner.

Socially, the Negro has not been left without help. Communists have chosen talented Negroes and trained them to write for party and non-party magazines. In this manner they have drawn the Negro under the hammer and sickle. Were this to continue, while we remain passive, the red and black blend would be a disastrous potion.

Granted that the Negro himself has obligations to himself and to society, with all the thirteen million belonging to this race in the United States, they are in the minority. Passivity toward them is the stand of a weakling; opposition, that of a coward, or worse, a traitor. Thirteen million, organized for Communism, is a minority with a threat that has teeth.

LEO. F. HERBER.

Apple Blossoms

BERNARD W. ROYLE



It was a fresh spring day, a day not at all fit for the grim business of fighting a war. The warm sun had dried the damp earth and lifted the spirits of the soldiers from the gloomy pit of winter's cold and damp. Two opposing lines of trenches were separated by many yards of softly rolling hills, covered by what had been a forest. Every spring thus far the scene had been one of beauty, but now there was nothing in that former forest that had not been scarred by war.

At one side of the woods two young scouts were creeping into its tangles; and opposite them, a middle-aged soldier was creeping into it from his side. Between each party, and in the path of both, was the only living thing in that stinking death's acre, a young apple tree in bloom amid the splintered timbers of a shattered farmhouse. How it had lived through the storm of men and metal that had killed everything around it was a mystery.

The two young soldiers as yet had not caught sight of the tree, but the older soldier had seen it, and with a smile on his face, was heading for it by a well-known path. The tree was his tree. The bits of wood and plaster strewn about it had been his home. He had anxiously awaited this chance of slipping away from the war, at least for a little while, and looking once again at the fields he had tilled for so many long years; he, and his only son.

He was not surprised to see his home ruined; in fact, he had rather expected it. But that little tree, planted by his own hands, his only remaining link with his peaceful farmer life, drew him as a flame does a moth.

Creeping up to the tree, he plucked a blossom, rolled over on his back, and fingered the tender blossom with his mud-encrusted hands. In this bit of land, his own, he felt beyond any authority but God's.

"What if I am killed here, now, on my back? This is a pleasant place to die." Staring up into the sky, he began to think of his son.

He was in the army now, too, but where was he? The man knew that if his son were stationed anywhere nearby, he would surely try to see his home again. They both deeply loved the place, after living alone in the house and working side by side on its land for many years. "Perhaps if I come here again I may meet my son. If not the next time, then the one after. Who knows?" Thus day-dreaming, he stared into the sky with a smile.

Meanwhile, the two young soldiers had crawled to the top of a hill overlooking the strange scene. With a puzzled face one whispered to the other:

"Look at that; what's comin' off?"

"I dunno! Ain't he an enemy?"

"Sure, look at his uniform."

"Why's he lyin' there? Is he dead?"

"Naw! He ain't dead, look at his chest heave!"

"Well, I'm goin' to put a hole in him where it won't feel so good—watch!"

"Naw! Don't make any noise!"

"Huh? Are you crazy?"

"I wanna smell them flowers."

"You *are* crazy!"

"I wanna smell them flowers, I told you! I been smellin' notin' but stinks too long to suit me! We'll sneak up an' capture him; then if he gets tough we can kill him quiet-like and not attract no attention. But I gotta smell them flowers!"

"Okay, okay! You win, fancy pants, but y'r still crazy! An fer Pete's sake quit ravin', er' the next flowers ya smell'll be growin in yer hair!"

"Shuddup! Gee, I can hardly wait!"

"Nuts!"

The man on the ground, hearing a slithering step behind him, flipped over on his knees, and stared at the blades of two steel bayonets.

"Quiet!" one whispered. "Y'r our prisoner, see!"

Seeing the man's bewildered look, the other said, "He don' know what y'r sayin', use sign language!"

With a few gestures, it was impressed upon the man that he must keep his mouth firmly shut, or else! And for the rest the bayonets spoke eloquently. He did so with resignation.

This was an old story to him; he had been a captor and captive many times in another war. When his weapons had been taken away, he looked at his two captors, trying to figure out what they would do with him. He noticed that underneath the mask of grime and whiskers that covered their faces, they looked about the same age as his son. He smiled at the one guarding him.

"Look at the bum," the latter said, "tryin' to make friends!"

"Huh?" This mumbled by the other as he held a blossom to his face.

"Fergit it! Hey, flower-in-the-face, ain't this the same place one of our patrols picked up a prisoner a while ago?"

"Huh?"

"Aw nuts! I said ain't this the same place we picked up that kid a week ago?"

"Oh, him; yeah, this is the place, they said. Nice place, too, or was. S'funny, why did that kid crawl here with a bad wound like he had? Why didn't he head fer a dressin' station?"

"Beats me! He couldn't live long with a wound like that, though; maybe he knew it. Still, it's a funny place to crawl off to die."

"How far did they lug him before he died?"

"Just across our lines."

"Oh. Wonder what's this guy doin' here? Just like the other only he ain't wounded. Ask him why he's here."

"I dunno that much sign language. An' hurry up an' sniff all the smell outa that posey, will ya!"

"Aw, keep yer pants on! Wait'll I put some in my pockets."

"Aw nuts!"

Suddenly came the sound of cannonading. A few shells whistled overhead. Some crashed into the woods. The old soldier recognized it as a battery getting the range to blast his trenches. But the boys were startled, and one shouted, "My God, it's our own guns! They'll kill us!" As he cried, a shell crashed nearby and blew clods of dirt about their heads. The older soldier had already jumped into a shell hole, and was beckoning to the two to follow him. Frightened out of their wits, the two young soldiers dashed headlong back to their lines—prisoner, flowers, and all, forgotten.

The man in the shell hole watched them, laughing, "There they go, like scared rabbits! Don't they know a shell hole is a protection? Probably not, poor kids. It'll all be over in a little while, too; I'd like to see their faces when they find out! I hope they make it; they looked like good boys—like my son."

The boys disappeared from view, dashing pell-mell in their fright. The shells were all passing overhead now, and the old soldier again lay on his back, looking at the sky. "I'll go back when things quiet down. In the meantime . . ." And again he dreamed about his son—

"Where is he now?"

What an awful vitality is in the Catholic Church! What a heavenly-sustained sovereignty! What a self-evident divinity! . . . Her strength is in her God; her rule is over the souls of men; her glory is in their willing subjection and loving loyalty. (*Newman—Sermons on Various Occasions*)

* * *

True intellectual enlargement consists, not merely in the passive reception into the mind of a number of ideas hitherto unknown to it, but in the mind's energetic and simultaneous action upon and towards those new ideas, which are rushing in upon it. It is the action of a formative power, reducing to order and meaning the matter of our acquirements; it is a making the objects of our knowledge subjectively our own. (*Newman—Idea of a University*)

Dryden's Conversions

GEORGE DE MARO

John Dryden, the first great English critic, the most representative writer of the restoration, and the greatest literary man of his time, was born August 9, 1631, at the Vicarage of Aldwinkle All Saints. His parents were of good and noble families; families especially noted for their Puritanism.

His education was received at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge, where beyond a doubt he showed to all his keen mind. Dryden from his student days on was not a man who looked merely at the surface of matters. He delved into matters until he came to the rock-bottom truth, and when he hit upon such a truth, he held onto it with bulldog tenacity. To quote Dr. Johnson: "Dryden's mind was always curious and active. His apparent indecisions were only evidence, not of weakness, but of a versatile understanding." One very good example of this is his conversions.

Born a Puritan, Dryden naturally followed the Puritan beliefs until he became old enough to perceive their fallacies. He then adopted the fashionable skepticism of the time. His frame of mind was of such a nature, though, that he could not go long without some form of belief. He began groping about in the dark, searching for something to satisfy his mind. Naturally Anglicanism, at his time the State Church, occupied the center of attraction. Therefore he joined the Anglican Church, thinking, perhaps, that a state religion must have a solid foundation. But Dryden was not satisfied with just thinking. He wanted to be positive. This trait of his family led him to abandon Anglicanism for Catholicism. Catholicism filled his every inner desire, and thus, being a man who held to what he believed to be true, he kept the faith even against tremendous disadvantages and criticisms.

This subsequent turn to Catholicism brought about many criticisms and accusations. He was called inconsistent, mercenary, and even insincere. It created the famous saying that he was a good Puritan under Cromwell, an Anglican under Charles II, and a Catholic under James II. People point to the fact that within three years after writing the "Religio Laici" (a poem in defence of the Anglican

Church) he embraced the Catholic religion. From this they argue to his insincerity. They also point to the fact that James II, a Catholic, succeeded his brother Charles II. Therefore, they firmly maintain that Dryden's conversion was merely a continuation of a mercenary desire to please his sovereign.

Naturally Dryden being a prominent man, in fact, the leading literary man in England during his day, would bring about many of these accusations. If Dryden had been only a hack writer, or a mediocre writer, nobody would have cared in the least whether he changed religion two, three, or even more times. But being a great man sometimes has its disadvantages, and **this was one of them**; while Dryden had a host of admirers, he also had a legion of enemies. The old proverb still holds true:

*"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."*

But in Dryden's case this evil has been greatly increased, and even the good has been misinterpreted. Just because Dryden had a keen mind, and an inner longing which demanded satisfaction, people level at him severe accusations. Accusations wholly ungrounded, if viewed in the proper aspect. Yes, it is true that on the surface Dryden seems to have been inconsistent, mercenary and even insincere. But underneath, it can be proved without a doubt that these accusations are entirely false.

It was the most natural thing in the world for Dryden to be a Puritan under Cromwell. Was he not born under the strict discipline of a Puritan family? His mother's family was entirely Puritan; his uncle, Sir John Dryden, was a loyal supporter of Cromwell; his grandfather, Sir Erasmus Dryden, was even considered a martyr to the Puritan cause. Put these facts together and see what you would have done in his place. It can all be summed up in these words: Dryden was a Puritan by virtue of family and training, but not thru conviction. As a form of religion it never appealed to him, for with him religion was something more in the mind than in the heart.

Now that it has been shown that Dryden's Puritanism was not only natural but also consistent with his training, let us trace his entrance into the Anglican Church. It can be shown that in this instance Dryden was also logical, consistent, and sincere.

Dryden is called the first great English critic, and not without just reasons. His development as a critic took place over a long period of years and, as a result, was all the more intense and thorough. After some twenty-five years he obtained an abundance of critical independence and sureness of touch, and a vast storehouse of certainties from which he could draw his convictions. This development had an undeniable effect on his religious convictions. Those years of experimentation with literary forms taught him one fact, which determined for him his change from Puritanism to Anglicanism, and later from Anglicanism to Catholicism. This fact was the necessity of authority. Dryden perceived that when a critic reasons concerning forms he is not long in reaching a point where he sees the need of standards or rules, and the existence of standards argues to the existence of authority. He applied these principles to religious matters and found that there, too, must exist authority and dogmatic teaching.

As previously mentioned, during Dryden's time, the Anglican Church was the State Church; he, therefore, became an Anglican, thinking that only a religion with such widespread popularity and authority could be the true religion. Not satisfied with just thinking this, he set out to prove his convictions. And here is where Dryden ran up against a stumbling block, for the Anglican religion did not possess a foundation of dogmatic teaching and infallible authority.

This was a great setback to Dryden, and for a while he almost believed that no such religion existed. Possessed with such a despairing thought, yet still longing for such a religion, he wrote "Religio Laici," a poem in defense of the Anglican Church. As he was influenced greatly by Pyrrhonism and fideism in the writing of this poem, it is only by viewing it in this light that we can find what is really characteristic of Dryden's mind concerning religious beliefs.

In the opening lines of his poem he questions by reason the doctrine of transubstantiation:

*"Dim as the borrow'd beams of the Moon and Stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers
Is reason to the Soul: And as on high
Those rowling Fires discover but the sky*

*Not light us here; So Reason's glimmering Ray
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way
 But guide us upward to a better day.
 And as those mighty Tapers disappear
 When Day's bright Lord ascends our Hemisphere;
 So pale grows reason at Religion's sight;
 So dyes, and so dissolves in Supernatural light."*

Yet in other lines he defends the Christian revelation against Deism. He denies the Deistic assertion that there is a universal religion of prayer and praise found only by the reason of man:

*"Those Gyant Wits, in happier Ages born
 (When Arms, and Arts did Greece and Rome adorn)
 Knew so such Systeme: No such Piles could raise
 Of natural Worship, built on Prayer and Praise,
 To one sole God."*

Looking further into his poem, we again come across the old theme of necessity of authority. Dryden was possessed by bitter feeling against the individualistic interpretation of the Bible, and denounced such a doctrine with harsh words:

*"The book thus put in every vulgar hand,
 Which each presum'd he best cou'd understand,
 The Common Rule was made the common Prey;
 And at the mercy of the Rabble lay.
 The tender Page with horney Fists was gaul'd;
 And he was gifted most that loudest baul'd;
 The Spirt gave the Doctoral Degree,
 And every member of a company
 Was of his trade and of the bible free,
 While crowds unlearned, with rude Devotion Warm,
 About the Sacred Viands buz and swarm,
 The Fly-blown Text creates a crawling Brood;
 And turns to Maggots what was meant for food."*

Though respecting the Anglican Church as being the nearest, so he thought, to Divine origin, he nevertheless lamented the fact that

she lacked such qualities as divine institution and infallible authority. Deep within him was still such a longing:

*"Such an omniscient Church, we wish indeed;
'Twere worth both Testament, cast in the creed."*

His logical reasoning had convinced him that if Christ instituted a Church, she must be infallible, or else there would be danger of her misdirecting her children. This Church must possess certain marks and definite dogmatic teachings. With such concepts in his mind there was only one step left for Dryden to take. This step was to find such a Church. This he did three years after writing the poem, "Religio Laici," in the year 1686. The Church was the Roman Catholic.

So convinced was he that the Catholic Church was the true Church, and so satisfied were his inner longings, that he gave vent to his feelings by writing "The Hind and the Panther." This work can almost be called a sequel of the "Religio Laici." In other words, all that Dryden defended in the "Religio Laici" he defended the more firmly in "The Hind and the Panther." He now defends transubstantiation not only through reason but also through the senses:

*"Can I believe eternal God could lye
Disguis'd in mortal mold and infancy?
That the great Maker of the world should dye?
And after that, trust my imperfect sense
Which calls in question his omnipotence?
Can I my reason to my faith compell,
And shall my sight, and touch, and taste rebell?"*

He states in unquestionable lines the infallible authority of the Church:

*"How answ'ring to its end a Church is made
Whose Pow'r is but to counsel and persuade?
O solid rock, on which secure she stands!
Eternal house, not built with mortal hands!
Oh sure defense against the infernal gate,
A potent during pleasure of the state!"*

Finally, Dryden gives his own reason for his conversion to the Catholic Church. These memorable lines can be taken to express only one idea, the infallible authority of the Church.

*“What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But gracious God, how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe Thee thus concealed,
And search no farther than thyself revealed;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom Thou hast promised never to forsake!
Why choose we than like bilanders to creep
Along the coast and land in view to keep,
When safely we may launch into the deep?
In the same vessel which our Savior bore,
Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.”*

Now that Dryden's conversion from Puritanism to Anglicanism, and finally to Catholicism has been proved natural, sincere, and even consistent with his character, there remains only one more accusation to disprove, namely, that he was not mercenary. That James II, a Catholic, had become the king of England in the very year that Dryden joined the Catholic Church, is often pointed to as one of the motives for the change. But it was not. Dryden was already in good standing with the King, even before his conversion. In fact, James II had appointed him to the office of poet laureate and post of royal historiographer. Dryden, therefore, had nothing to gain by his conversion. On the contrary, he had much to lose.

In the first place, Dryden saw that the English people and a Catholic sovereign would never agree. In other words, he foresaw the deposition of James II. If he became a Catholic, he, too, as a Catholic, would lose his offices and reputation.

Secondly, Dryden was well on in his fifties, and a change to Catholicism would have meant a complete readjustment of his whole life. Such readjustment is not easy for a man in his fifties. Therefore,

there must have been more behind this change to Catholicism than just a continuation of a mercenary desire to please his sovereign.

But the final and clinching proof of Dryden's sincerity in his perseverance in Catholicism. After the deposition of James II, when William and Mary ascended the throne, he lost his yearly pension of one hundred pounds, his place in the customs, his post as royal historiographer, and his office of poet laureate. Thus Dryden, now well over fifty, was left destitute and without means of livelihood except by his pen. Did he then renounce Catholicism? No! He clung to it all the more firmly. If Dryden had been, as some people said and still say, an opportunist and a time server, he certainly would have abandoned Catholicism for the religion of William and Mary. The fact that he did not give up his beliefs, points all the more to his sincerity. Instead of becoming discouraged he took out his pen, and sought a living in the only way possible. At his death in 1700, he left no will. He had nothing to leave.

Not till the whole human race is made new will its literature be pure and true. If you would in fact have a literature of saints, first of all have a nation of them. (*Newman—Idea of a University*)

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It is education which gives a man a clear conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant. It prepares him to fill any post with credit, and to master any subject with facility. It shows him how to accommodate himself to others, how to throw himself into their state of mind, how to bring before them his own, how to influence them, how to come to an understanding with them, how to bear with them. (*Newman—Idea of a University*)

A Matter for Observation

BERNARD R. WHALEY, JR.

There is a bit of the snoop in every man. I am no exception, though I do not snoop in any active sense of the word. Rather, I like nothing better, when the mood is upon me, than to sit passively to the side, and from my secluded perch, to watch and make note of the curious doings of my fellow creatures. It is in this manner that I fulfill my quota of snooping, or as they would say in more refined circles, my quota of critical observation.

Recently I was afforded ample opportunity to turn my discerning eye to the dealings of those about me in relation to the usually forlorn-looking, neglected Mission Jug. As I slipped aimlessly into a chair, located nearby so as to facilitate undivided attention upon the jug, I had little thought or expectation of the great fun and entertainment in store for me. I was shortly to discover just one more proof that snooping, to say the very least, is an interesting pastime, not to mention its being extremely nosy. But I have always held that where a helpful scientific study is concerned (such as mine turned out to be), the nosiness is somewhat forgivable.

The first thing I noticed after I had settled myself for a long vigil, was a small white placard, resting conspicuously against the jug. It read something like this: "Give generously this week, for a special Mission Intention. Put your pennies, dimes, nickels, etc., where they will do the most good."

"Ah!" I mused, "business should be better than ever this day." And so it was. I had rested there only a short while before I was able to pick out definitely different types of charitable people, all of them, I think, totally unconscious as to which category they fell under. For the most part they came under one of three or four headings which, in the course of subsequent musings, I have tried to catalog and analyze for the good of future generations of snoopers, that I might thereby save them the bother of repeating the whole process.

The various types, so far as I can discover, are as follows: the proud, haughty, boastful fellow; the nonchalant, totally indifferent almsgiver; and the humble, unpretentious, or tepid practitioner of charities. To examine closely any single one of these types affords true amusement, and when more than one of these qualities is found in the same person—what joy! what bliss! what heavenly sweetness and untold merriment! It takes a supreme effort to suppress a hearty laugh at times, so long as you wish to remain undetected.

As a rule the number making up the first class is not proportionately large, but they are almost always to be found in a group of any size. Their method of procedure is nearly identical in every case; they are, therefore, an easy type to catalog. One of them will approach the jug in grand style, pretend to glance unsuspectingly at the notice leaning there, then bellow forth to everyone's annoyance: "Well, what do you know. Hey, fellows, look at this . . ." (He proceeds to read the entire notice). "So they want our money again, eh? Well, guess I'll have to loosen up again."

He takes a swift glance around, as if to say, "since no one else ever does." He then reaches deep into the recesses of his pockets, in so doing making an audible jingle with the small coins there. "Nope, nothing worth while there." With an air of sophistication, he produces his billfold and draws forth a crinkly greenback. "Anybody got a half and two quarters?" Having thus made his exchange, he walks again to the jug and drops the half dollar and perhaps one of the quarters in. They bound with a klang on the bottom. Then with the gratified smile of one who has fulfilled his odious duty, he departs.

I often feel that this type of individual has found his reward already when he hears the resounding bounce of his donation as it strikes bottom. Perhaps that is why this group usually heads the list of philanthropists—coin upon glass makes more noise than coin upon coin.

Our second classification is perhaps more simple still, mainly because the steps in their process are the most unpretentious and plain. Having been forcefully informed of a new Mission need by a member of the first group, they simply rise with a look on their faces of "Well, it's about time I give a little something," or "I guess I can spare a little too," and make their contributions in varying small denominations. Then they walk away. Simple—and a bit dull. I have the sat-

isfaction, however, of reporting that this group has by far the greater number of adherents.

Though small again in number, the last class can boast of the most complex mode of progression. The humble and the tepid almsgiver should perhaps be cataloged separately, but their methods so closely agree that a single description may be justified. They make it a point to delay as long as possible so as to attract as little attention as possible. When at last they see an opening, their approach to the jug is more of a creep than an upright walk. Once having reached their destination, they pick up the little notice under the pretense of reading, but actually to cover up a last look around before reaching their hand slowly, cautiously to the slot in the lid. I have often wondered what would happen, should someone suddenly shout "Boo!" at this point. Their contributions are generally small, not, I think, for any miserly reasons, but lest a larger coin make too much racket when it hits.

It has been said (foolishly perhaps, but said nevertheless) that a psychologist never bothers to analyze himself. The same is true of me. I was about to leave the room when I blushingly realized that I had not yet done my part. With a forced grin, and a furtive glance about me, I too stole back to the greedy "demon for money," and slipped a few pennies through the slot.

But a university training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life. (*Newman—Idea of a University*)

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If then a practical end must be assigned to a university course, I say it is that of training good members of society. Its art is the art of social life, and its end is fitness for the world. (*Newman—Idea of a University*)

Racial Prejudice

RALPH M. CAPPUCCILLI

An orator must convince and persuade. The author of the following selection did both when he won the annual Guedel-hoffer Oratory Award last spring. You are bound to agree with him.

Like a chain America can only be as strong as its weakest link. To-day one of its weakest links is the Negro problem. At the present time, with the world engaged in another colossal war, our endeavors are being directed, and rightly so, to its completion. We are concerned mainly with an immediate allied victory and the return of our American soldiers. Unfortunate as it may seem, however, there still remains in America the age-old problem of one of its adopted peoples, the American Negro.

Today more than ever before, there exists an ever-increasing demand for justice and equality toward the Negroes. Unless this demand is heeded, the prevailing conditions may lead to internal strife among the Negroes and the Whites. From misconceptions and unreasonable judgements the Whites have stereotyped the Negroes as being ignorant, inferior, and intolerable. So conceived, the Negroes are suppressed to such an extent that their progress in a Democracy, either socially or morally, is impeded. Injustice, prejudice, and intolerance are imbedded so firmly within the Whites, that the Negroes' lives are rendered unbearable. Numerous attempts have been made by noted sociologists familiar with the problem to eradicate the misconceptions construed by the Whites, but to no avail. The laxity with which the problem has been treated by those harboring ill-feelings and prejudices has aided immensely in aggravating the problem, thereby adding to its complexity. Apparently the Whites are not willing to accept the fact that a problem exists. Now with the world in turmoil and confusion, it gains momentum by manifesting itself to a greater degree. There is a problem and remedial steps will have to be inaugurated if man is to live in peace and harmony.

The Negroes in America represent one tenth of our population. For years they have accepted the severe handicaps forced upon them. Most Negroes, desiring to avoid serious trouble, have been humble and sub-

servient in the presence of Whites. They have accepted exclusion from churches, inequality in education, discrimination in employment, segregation in the armed forces, and other innumerable hardships imposed upon them by the Whites.

Needless to say, the Negro's attitude toward such impositions has been one of complete resentment and indignation. This was apparent when recently in retort to such infractions the Negroes displayed their sentiments by instigating race riots in several parts of the country. Namely: San Diego, California; Detroit, Michigan, and the Harlem district of New York City. On such occasions, unnecessary loss of life was incurred. Though demoralizing and costly, as such incidents were, they exposed more vividly the inherent seriousness and gravity of the problem. Likewise, they brought out the increasing desire of the Negroes to be recognized as having equal rights and opportunities in the quest of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, unmolested.

When afforded the opportunity to exercise their rights, the Negroes have proven their competency in many fields. Many of their doctors and scientists have devoted their lives and talents toward aiding the progress of America and Civilization. Certainly the contributions of such famous men as George Washington Carver and Booker T. Washington cannot be ignored. Dr. Carver has been hailed as one of the greatest scientists and apostles of agricultural diversification and co-operation in our modern time. Booker T. Washington has been recognized as one of the leading educators and orators ever to represent the Negro race. These men, together with their followers, have proven that the Negroes are a distinct asset to this country. How long shall we continue to ignore the Negro's achievements? Perhaps the essence of the Negro problem has been our failure to recognize their achievements and to continue to act as though the Negroes were what we once imagined them—a sub-human species fitted only for a subordination.

No one wishes to be considered a prejudiced person. We like to give the impression that we can assume and drop prejudices at will. Nonetheless, the present status of the Negroes here in America can be attributed to the prejudice that exists among the White race. This form of thinking ill of others, without sufficient warrant, has not been of recent adoption, but an attitude that manifested itself in the very first days of the Negro's entrance into this country.

From that time until the present day, the Negroes have been judged not on the basis of the contributions in the face of tremendous odds, but in proportion to the prejudice that has prevailed among the White race. Such prejudice has incited violence and has prevented the two factions from ever reaching a true agreement in the settlement of injustices. It has been the determining factor in the attitude of the Whites toward the Negroes. Its evils have retarded and will continue to retard the progress of America in the future.

The America of tomorrow will make enormous demands upon its people—White and Black alike. Its ultimate unity will depend upon the harmonious collaboration of the two. In such a plan there can be no room for racial prejudice. The present conflict is being waged for the freedom of all peoples. Equality, justice, and tolerance are its goal.

Among those who are fighting for such principles and ideals are countless Negroes. These Negroes love America as much as you and I. They are willing to sacrifice their lives for principles and ideals which when truly acknowledged will never be theirs to enjoy. To make a better America, the least we can do for our fellowman, then, is to make a sincere effort to combat race prejudice patiently, consistently, and perseveringly until it is eventually abolished. Only then can there be a solution to the Negro problem. Only then can America, under God, remain a nation indivisible with equal rights and opportunities for all.

Mutual education, in a large sense of the word, is one of the great and incessant occupations of human society, carried on partly with set purpose, and partly not. One generation forms another; and the existing generation is ever acting and reacting upon itself in the persons of its individual members. (*Newman—Idea of a University*)

The Stephen Foster of the Twentieth Century

RICHARD P. GIRT

Today at the mention of Stephen Foster every true American feels his heart pierced with the strains of joy and happiness which the creations of this song writer bring every time they are played. It was "Ring Ring the Banjo," "Oh! Susannah," and 'De Campton Races that kept the North and South singing through the perilous days of the Civil War. Stephen Foster's songs were, and still are, songs people everywhere sing. Although only a small percentage of Foster's two hundred works are still sung, these are so potent in their charm that they have since earned their composer's immortality. Simplicity is his greatest gift; had he been a trained musician his charm might have vanished. Foster was a man to whom home meant everything, for it was in 'Way Down Upon the Swanee Ribber' that he said: "Dere's wher ma heart is turnin ebber, dere's wher the old folks stay."

Today America is singing again, singing the ballads and songs of another Stephen Foster, the Stephen Foster of the twentieth century—Irving Berlin. Everywhere America is singing his songs. He was born in Russia in 1888, the son of a Jewish Cantor. In 1895 Irving came to his new home—America—and grew up on New York's East side, the same as Al Smith, George White, and many other New York celebrities. When Irving was only eight years old his father died, and the boy contributed his share to the support of the family. Caring little for school and prosaic thought, while he was yet young he ran away and got a job as a "busher" on the bowery.

While still there he focused the eyes and attention of America upon himself, at the age of twenty-five, when he wrote his first song, "Marie From Sunny Italy." It was the same type of surprise that startled America when Stephen Foster wrote his first great song hit, "Oh! Susannah." In the following years, through his songs, young Berlin progressed from the pusheart and poverty of the East Side up the lad-

der of success through Tin Pan Alley. During these years he wrote such song hits as "My Wife's Gone to the Country," "Sweet Italian Love," and "Alexander's Rag Time Band."

But fortune did not continue to lavish favors upon Irving Berlin, for in 1912 his young wife, Dorothy, died only six months after they were married. This tragedy struck Berlin severely for a few months; in a short time, however, his heart and pen were once more pouring out in song and joy and happiness that rested within. In 1917 Berlin went to war with his songs. It was twenty-eight years ago that this shaggy-kneed, beady-eyed sergeant scored the hit of "Yip, Yip Yap-hank" with such great songs as "Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in The Morning," and "Mandy." These songs were in the hearts and on the lips of every doughboy as he marched into battle on the muddy fields of France. "For it was the hardest break of all to hear the bugler call" and "Oh! how they loved to remain in bed." And from those days when "We Were on our Way to France for Your Country and My Country" Berlin has held a tender spot in the heart of every true American.

He has written many different kinds of tunes—sentimental ballads, dance tunes, tricky jazz, and rhythm novelties. Although the high-brows may frown upon the Berlin vogue, the man really has an individuality and simplicity of charm all his own, as was the characteristic of Stephen Foster. He has the ability to wed words and sentiments with music so that they are inseparable. His greatest sentimental ballads are "Waltz of Long Ago," "Always"—the "Jeannie" of the twentieth century Foster, written in honor of his wife—"Blue Skies," and "Marie."

In 1933 Berlin wrote the song that has found a corner in the heart of every American when he marches down Fifth Avenue in his Easter bonnet "with all the frills upon it" in the Easter parade. No Easter season has passed since that time that the "Easter Parade" has not been heard in the air of this singing America. It has become an American tradition.

To Berlin as to Foster, home and America mean everything. For his home and the country that he loves so much, he wrote the song that has threatened to become our national anthem—"God Bless America." For he has written in his other songs "Let Me Sing and I Am Happy,"

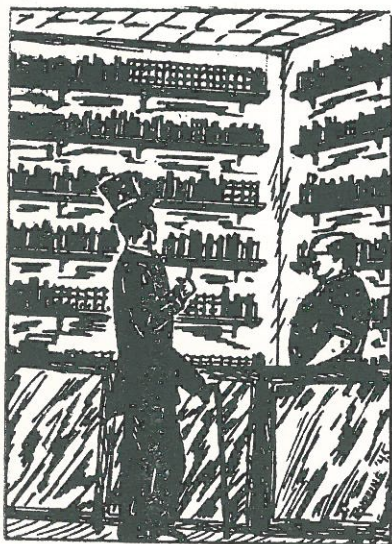
and "I Poured My Heart Into a Song." He truly poured his heart into the song "God Bless America," for it is the land that he loves "From the mountains, to the prairies, to the oceans white with foam."

When "We Are (Were) on Our Way to France" once more to do the job so that "This time will be the last time," Irving Berlin marched again by the side of our fighting sons, keeping them singing, and America smiling. In 1942 he went to Camp Upton. Here he rehabilitated himself to Army routine and gave rebirth to "Yip, Yip Yaphank" in "This is the Army." For this musical production Berlin wrote songs expressing the feelings and sentiments of every soldier and American, in the way only Berlin could do it. His songs have kept America smiling and singing and marching on to victory with "Arms for the Love of America." "This is the Army" has travelled the length and breadth of our country, everywhere meeting with success. Also in 1942 appeared Berlin's great sentimental ballad "White Christmas," a song that has simplicity and beauty, and is truly expressive of the emotions and longings of every American. For we are all dreaming of the white Christmases "just like the ones we used to know."

Many of the popular songs which we hear today on the radio and on records are Irving Berlin's compositions. If once we truly understand the popular songs of America we will understand its composer and Americans; for Americans, like all other peoples, must have songs to give expression to their feelings and inmost thoughts, and music is the universal language in the heart of every man. Throughout his life Irving Berlin, as did Stephen Foster, has bridged the streams of sadness and melancholy which have confronted us Americans. The life and music of Irving Berlin, the Stephen Foster of the twentieth century, is the life and music of a man who has made the world a better place to live in. What more can we ask of a man who has so touched our hearts?

On Buying a Book

FREDERICK J. HUNNEFELD



There is something wholly fascinating about a row of books. Whether they are old or new, novel or poem, scientific or purely fanciful, they cast their spell on any man of education. They represent to him the accumulation of minds, the apotheosis of knowledge. Even now as I cast a glance inside the cloth-bound cover of a rather thin volume I see written there: "The true university is a collection of books." Carlyle.

That little inscription merely serves to carry my point, for any man of good reading enjoys the sight of books and rejoices in their

possession; they are the mirrors of countless lives and energies; and, as one dusts off the faded covers and turns the gold lettering to the yellow shafts of the fading evening sun, one's mind fills with that absorbing curiosity that impels immediate surrender.

I might have thought myself freakish for that very fault had I not seen others do just the same. I thought it was due to my overweening desire for knowing everything; knowing an author, what he writes, what he thinks—and though I see it impossible to satiate such an unreasonable wish, yet I still find a strange curiosity over every book I find. I'd like to own all libraries and spend my time browsing about in an infinite cavern of books!

I own a few books myself now, and I am quite proud of them. It's hard for me to part with them, even my textbooks. If you are surprised at that—so am I, for I can see now I'll seldom if ever open their covers with their thickly-coated capsules of thought even though I do keep them. I like just the sight of them, if only to enlighten me how

much more intelligent I could be if I studied them. But that's neither here nor there.

When I get ready to buy a book—and that isn't often—I am as excited as I was with my first toy automobile. The difference is that I've just shifted my field of imagination from toy autos to books; whether they can claim the hand of a Homer or of an Aesop, they were all wonderful inventions—back before the Latins had the word "inventio," from which comes our term "invention," which we have been accustomed to ascribe more or less to mechanical gadgets.—Well, anyway, when I buy a book, I spend a deal of time searching for the most desirable one—and that's a difficulty too, for I find them all desirable. But, since the demand for a few coins accompanies the purchase of a book, I have to let just a few be my choice now, and hope to buy the others later.

Let's say the book arrives now—if I have sent away for it. I eagerly break that thin partition of paper that keeps me from my prize, as if the contents were some gold-embroidered manuscript. Personally, if it were a manuscript, I'd find less interest in it than in the ordinary third-class printing paper that I can read and enjoy for hours and years.

Here are two books I bought recently for \$5.50. To me they are the golden apples of Hesperides! And I'm the glorious Hercules who captured them! I've paged through them a few times, reading piece-meal at some interesting page, but finding time short, set them back in their place, waiting for another moment to breathe in their Arabian incense and to peruse the laden pages. The best thing is they're mine!

Some people in purchasing a book are very careful to watch for flaws of paper and binding, or are perhaps attracted to it by the jacket. Not I. The thoughts are what I want, and these fully compensate for the cost of the volume. I always feel as if I were the winner of the deal, though the seller may be pleased with the price he squeezes out of me. Chaucer had a clerk from Oxford who spent all his own money and what he could borrow for those black-bound books of Aristotle. That clerk I admire. I feel a kinship toward him—the bond of booklovers.

Some day I will set pen and ink to work filling out all the reasons for my love of books. No one, I think, will ever see completely the reasons, but some unrecognized truths ought to be divined. That guise

of cloth and paper reveals more than words the inexplicable wiles of a book! Swift wrote *The Battle of the Books*; yet he loved them all, both old and new, though his preference lay wholeheartedly with the ancient masterpieces.

I myself feel an undiminished eagerness to scan the titles and pages of some unknown ancient work; yet I too have intense delight in inhaling the wholesome fragrance of fresh print. A new book is a new treasure cave, and I feel myself left alone to excavate the whole golden vault. Every inch of it is covered like Canaan with milk and honey. The army I have to conquer it is as stouthearted as Josue himself.

Then and Now

I was once a barefoot boy. When I awoke during those youthful years in the early mornings of June, without cares of school, I was filled with the luxurious anticipation of what the groves, rivulets, and meadows had to share with me that day. Great waves of joy forced me out of bed. Breakfast was a routine. I skipped out into the cool morning and ran spiritedly down the street to the door of my playmates, proclaiming today just the day to fish or to bathe or to hike to the quarry. It seemed that the energy of early morning could not be wasted in the tame enjoyment of reading a book or gaining knowledge while roaming through a museum.

Neither the past nor the future existed. Life was only present. Yesterday may have given me the pain of a cactus thorn in my bare foot as I sped through the meadows and groves in pursuit of imaginary herds of buffalo. Today I was happy to be wading in a stream. I knew not yesterday's pain or tomorrow's sadness. What difference—the past or the future. I knew only boyhood's play and laughing days.

Now, in college, if I leave my bed at four it is to concentrate on some assignment before Mass, breakfast, and classes. But in the not too distant future there is a goal which not even the joys of boyhood can equal.

Richard R. Riedel

Kindling

JOHN C. YANKEE



Our ranch is located about ten miles east of Devil's Lake in the north-eastern section of North Dakota. My dad and I had both taken a two weeks' vacation to look over the ranch and do a little deer hunting. Although it was the middle of December, the snowfall so far had been comparatively light.

Early one morning, however, the long-delayed snow storm came out of the north with all the fury of an old-time blizzard. At the ranch, the snowflakes seemed as large as a dollar. We knew the storm up on the ranch would be terrible.

Snow came down steadily until evening of the next day, when the clouds drifted away and the weather turned cold and clear. There would be hard riding ahead, for there were a few cattle still on the range. We were up and stirring before daybreak. I had finished saddling my horse when the foreman of the ranch rode up to me and said:

"That old Flying V cow I bought down the valley last spring isn't in. She was up near the Salt Creek meadows at beef-gathering time. Better ride up the ridge and see if you can find any tracks. Get her and her bunch. And say, take your gun. You might get a shot at old Kindling."

There had been an extra large deer on our range for three years. The name Kindling was given him by Dad Jones, the ranch odd-job man. When he saw the deer he exclaimed, "Why, the durned critter's got 'nuff kindling on his head to last us a whole year."

Since then we had heard various stories about the deer from the hunters. One story was that a fellow had come within one hundred yards of the buck; he fired ten shots, and still it galloped off unhurt. Most of the stories were along this line, and Kindling's reputation as a phantom deer grew almost into a local legend.

A foot of snow had fallen on the ridges. In the draws and timber it had drifted up to four feet. I found some cattle tracks going up the

ridge, heading away from the ranch. These I followed for about four miles before catching up to the animals. That old Flying V cow was leading a half dozen cows and heifers. I turned them around and drove them back to the ranch. I saw no sign of Kindling that day.

Next morning the foreman said I should ride to Chicken Springs Canyon, above some three-year-old steers, and give them a start for the ranch. "Take the rest of the day off," he added. I decided to spend it hunting for Kindling.

The canyon breeze was bitter cold and cut my face. I had to rub my cheeks to keep them from freezing while I rode after the steers. I found them and gave them a good start back.

By this time the sun was beginning to warm me. I cut around the side hills and turned toward the basin a mile away, where Kindling usually ranged. In no hurry, I rode leisurely.

Presently I saw a large deer track in the snow. I got off my mount to investigate. It was a fresh track, heading for the basin. The wind had tipped a large cedar tree over the basin edge; I walked up to the tree and looked over. There wasn't much chance of seeing a deer down there, for around the upper rim was a thick grove of pines, with aspen and chokecherry below. I wasn't disappointed. I saw nothing.

About to turn away, I heard a twig break below me. Not fifty yards off stood the object of my search, eating some aspen leaves that were still on a tree. For the first few moments I was so nervous I could not hold my gun steady.

Then I calmed down, rested my gun on a cedar for a steadier aim, and prepared to fire. I aimed at a point just behind the deer's shoulder. An instant before I fired he jerked his head to one side. Automatically I pushed down the lever, brought it back up, and took another shot. Still he stood there, as if bullets couldn't harm him.

I slipped another shell into the chamber, at the same time wondering if the deer was really a phantom. Then I saw the nose dip slightly and the ears drop. Before I reached him I found why Kindling hadn't fallen. The snow was more than belly deep to him.

I counted the points. Ten on one side; nine on the other, with one about four inches long growing straight out and then turning up. In some manner this had been hooked firmly into the forks of the chokecherry, trapping him. Just behind the shoulder were two bullet holes not two inches apart.

The Biography of a River

JOHN E. BOLAN



Shakespeare in his play, *As You Like It*, gives to the world a description of man's life. He, being a dramatist, compares life to a great play. Not only to man can this symbol of a play be applied, but to everything else in the world. We can apply it to every ani-

mate and even inanimate object. Adopting its symbol to the inanimate, I will endeavor to present to you the biography of a river.

As the curtain rises we see a large lake surrounded by mountain peaks, for it is in the spacious mountain lakes that the great rivers are born. Water begins trickling from the flooded lake. More and more water rushes toward the little outlet already formed, and soon a river has been born—one that will grow from its source and become powerful. But all rivers are not born in this manner. The smaller streams flow from springs or depend entirely upon the clouds for their water. In fact, all rivers, directly or indirectly, depend upon the clouds for their water. Like the cloud the river is the child of earth and water. Unlike the cloud, the river is masculine.

Act two takes us into one of the most important periods of life for a river, namely, childhood. It is at this time that he must find his way in the world. He spends his early days wending a course through mountains, woods, lakes and valleys, ever seeking lower levels until finally he empties into some large body of water, usually

the sea. How great must be temptations to tarry as he passes all these scenes of natural beauty. And if he does tarry, Mother Nature will soon be scolding and urging him onward.

It must indeed take him a long time to reach his basin. Think of all the difficulties he must overcome in planning his bed. Years of patient toiling are required of him before he finds a good bed. And even then he may not be satisfied. He may change it continually until he has found what is his heart's desire, a rock bed. Yet his childhood days do not end when he has found a permanent course. He must widen his banks considerably before he can profess to be a river.

At last in act three, with the help of his guiding mother, the stream becomes a river. The bright lights are on him now. Man gives him a name (a rather late christening), and claims him for his own. Just what are the river's feelings towards men? Does he submit willingly to human dominance? Is he pleased when man destroys his natural beauties by building harbors and dams, by clogging up his mouth with ships; or does his water churn with anger and revenge? These are questions difficult to answer. Nevertheless, we can answer them to a certain extent by observing nature. In the third act three scenes occur, which repeat themselves from year to year throughout the river's remaining life.

The first scene, the time when the river is the most natural, not too shallow or too deep, is the most peaceful of the three. Harmony exists between man and river. The latter seems to be satisfied under the ruling hand of the former.

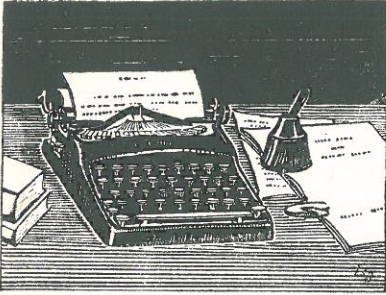
Mother Nature begins the second scene by opening the portals of the clouds. She feeds the river with rain; he, rising above his normal size, becomes rebellious. Man in all his power cannot stop him now, and the river knows it. This is the time for revenge, and he takes advantage of it. What right had man to hem him in? He laughs to see laborers at dams and floodgates trying in vain to control him. Bursting these bonds, he begins his flow of destruction. Country and city alike are victims of his rage. Nothing in his path is spared. Men curse him for his fury. He laughs all the more. Sympathizing with man, Mother Nature again enters the scene. She tightens the reins, and the river, in spite of himself, is once again flowing normally.

In a short time this rebel, on entering the third scene, sings a different song, one of humiliation; for it is he who is being afflicted now. The sunbeams descend and take his precious water to fill the hungry clouds—clouds that will not return it. Good Dame Nature puts her son on a diet, as it were; soon he is flowing slowly from lack of power. It is man's turn to laugh; but he does not, because he admires the river for his natural beauty and power—power that can destroy him. Instead of laughing, man shows only sympathy for the river. However, sympathy does not help. The river grows weaker and weaker; and just when one would think his life water was running out, behold, under the directing hand of his mother, the stage is set again. The curtain rises and a new year flows in.

We know quite a bit about the river, but is there anyone who can tell when a river will dry up and die? It seems that rivers just keep rolling along. They come close to drying up; in fact, some do during arid seasons of the year. However, it appears that **Mother Nature** has a special interest in her son and never fails to replenish him with his life waters. The Amazon, Mississippi, Nile, and numerous other rivers have been flowing for centuries. From this it may be stated that the life of a river will cease only with the end of the world. At that time the curtain will fall on the final act of the biography of a river.



Editorial



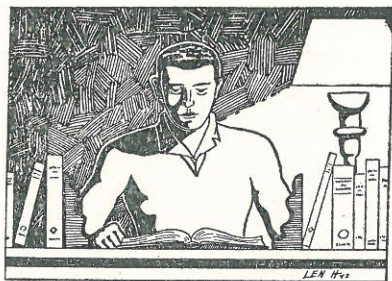
Long before Msgr. Seroczynski promised to permit us to print his excellent after-dinner speech given on the occasion of Bishop Bennett's welcome to St. Joseph's, the only Catholic College in the new Diocese of Lafayette in Indiana, we planned to invite alumni to prepare articles for MEASURE. When we heard the speech we know that the time was ripe to act. Msgr. Seroczynski's thoughts, presented in the essay, "Blueprints for the Leaders of Tomorrow" and appearing in this issue, are a sane and stirring evaluation of the topic that he chose. They are the voice of experience at its best.

Catholic college students and Catholic college teachers—all students and teachers for that matter—are humble enough to realize that they need the voice of experience. Material gifts to their Alma Mater by alumni and alumnae are good. A check sent to help pay for the building of a fieldhouse, a library, a chapel; a contribution to the student loan fund or to set up a scholarship; an endowment or legacy—all are welcomed especially by the private institution that receives no government grants.

But good as all these are, and welcome as all these are, they do not—cannot compare with the ideas and ideals that men and women of principle, who have established themselves in life and who have long years of experience, can offer to the young men and women who now occupy the same chairs in classrooms that these graduates once filled.

Msgr. Seroczynski's article is a challenge. Not only clergymen—or should I say, not particularly clergymen, since by far the greater number of college men are preparing for the professions in the world—should accept that challenge.

Book Reviews



The World, The Flesh, And Father Smith, by Bruce Marshall; Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1945. 191 pp.

BERNARD R. WHALEY, JR.

Try as you may, you will never come across anything quite like this excellent novel, the craftsmanship of Bruce Marshall. *The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith* is a

masterpiece of literary art. Nowadays, the chief complaint against Catholic novels is that they do not keep pace with other contemporary novels—that they lack any distinctive modern style, which is so captivating to the public eye—that they are dull and lifeless, unaggressive, in contrast to the appealing color and vitality of the true modern novel. For those who still seek after the truly modern Catholic novel, here is the answer. Bruce Marshall has captured the correct spirit and trend of the times, as only a limited few have done before him.

Of course, as a Catholic work, it observes some degree of conservatism. It is not modern in the sense too frequently meant today. Had the author made it so, he would have reduced his literary artistry to mere pulp material. Mr. Marshall attains to modernness legitimately.

In reality, the book is an imaginary biography. Here is a painstaking yet unlabored portrait, depicting the everyday, humdrum life of a humble padre in an out-of-the-way town of Scotland. This priest perhaps would not measure up to the current standards of so-called education; but his philosophy of life and keen, undiscovered insight into the basic fundamentals of religion, of which he himself seems unconscious, would put many of the supposedly well-informed to shame. No saint, perhaps, in the heroic sense of the term, but a conscientious, God-loving, God-fearing priest nevertheless. As a biography, although the volume takes in nearly all the years spent by Father Smith in the ministry of truth, a rather lengthy period, it leaves nothing to be desired as to all pertinent facts.

This book is written in such a way that you grow to be an intimate friend of Father Smith, and of all those with whom he associates. It gives you delightfully the familiar, human, lovable side of the clergy. Some of Father Smith's humorous thoughts and remarks will, I promise you, provoke outright laughter. When you lay the book aside, your spirit will be permeated with much the same feeling of satisfaction as was afforded you by the motion picture, *Going My Way*.

The thoughts, and occasionally the words of Father Smith, are the vehicle whereby Marshall voices his criticism or praise of the modern way of things. At times he is clearly denunciatory, but (and herein lies his cleverness) always in an inoffensive manner. He expresses himself frequently by means of pungent paradox. He is to be most highly recommended for the fact that, while fashioning his literary product so skillfully, he never becomes too complex to be understood by all.

Universal is the appeal of this book. Priests who read it will often find themselves or their fellow-clergymen mirrored there; laymen will discover that to read *The World, The Flesh, And Father Smith* is to increase their confidence in their faith. To everyone it affords a better understanding of the supernatural, yet simple truths of Catholicism; it will teach all to cherish these truths more highly.

It is possible, or even probable that you will not discover the book's true excellence at the first reading. Your appreciation will grow with each renewed acquaintance. Such, I believe, is the case with most true works of art. This much is sure—every Catholic should read it. I assure you there can be no regrets.

Bolts of Melody—New Poems of Emily Dickinson, edited by Mabel Loomis Todd and Millicent Todd Bingham; Harper And Brothers, New York and London, 1945. 352 pp.

STEPHEN E. ALMASY

Walt Whitman exclaimed

"I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear!"

America was singing, and varied carols too. Eugene Fielding was penning the angelic "Little Boy Blue." James Whitcomb Riley was thrilling bucolic Americans with his scenes of "the old farm." There

was Father Tabb, Edward Sill, Vaughn Moody, Bret Harte—all adding their melodious strains to the swelling chorus.

Emily Dickinson, the recluse, of their day, was not of them. The low-sweet tremolos of her song were heard by an esoteric few. Unlike her ancestors, she did not strive to become a gilded lily of society; instead, it seems, she delighted in introversion. Emily, rapt in a private world of thought, lost the art of conversation as we know it, and in its place put forth rhythmical letters, scanned like poems, pregnant with images and thought.

It was only after Emily's death that the manuscripts were found. Her sister, Lavinia, requested Mabel Loomis Todd to edit the first volume of 116 poems. There were three editions, the last in 1896. Here Mable Todd's work ended abruptly because of an "irrevelant lawsuit brought against her by Lavinia." The poems were packed away in a camphor-wood chest. It was not opened again until 1929 by the original editor's daughter. The manuscripts were a chaotic torment. Despairing of arranging them in chronological order, which would supply a study of Emily's inner development, the new editor finally classified the subject matter climatically.

These unpublished poems resulted in *Bolts of Melody*, a cluster of Emily's poetic flights. The book retains that sacred privacy Emily desired. By her refusal to publish we may assume that she did not care for fame; there are poems to prove that she was obsessed by the fear of it. "It is my approval that matters," she continually reminded herself:

*Fame of myself to justify!
All other plaudid be
Superflous, and incense
Beyond necessity.*

Vernon Loggins considers three personalities of Emily busy at creation:

A child, marveling at the world—

*The hills in purple syllables
The day's adventures tell
To little groups of continents
Just going home from school.*

A seer—

From faith to mockery

A woman in love—

*Of whom so dear
The name to hear
Illumines with a glow
As intimate
As fugitive
As sunset on the snow.*

Most persons see their thrill in response to nature wane and die between the ages of eight and twelve. In a few elect creatures like Blake, Shelley, and Emily Dickinson, it never becomes senescent; it flourishes as the years go by.

From her window Emily caught poetic suggestions. She saw how
The fingers of light tapped soft on the town.

For her

Noon is the hinge of day

until

The sun stooping, stooping low, crouched behind his yellow door

*But miles of sparks at evening reveal the width that burned.
Two butterflies . . . waltzed upon a farm . . . prone to shut
their dappled fans.*

She smiles at frog's eloquence which is

A bubble—as fame should be.

Imagery of childlikeness—never childishness—is so splendid, so woven with humor and elfin whimsicality, that it often deceives the cold reader. It dazes a reader of this modern world of horrors; it bears to him new vistas of light. Here is poetry throbbing with the pulse of light, sweeping from the depths of sorrow, laughing laves of humor, pondering of the grave, begetting a sense of isolation and brooding. All is presented, webbed with the gossamer sheen of reticency.

*The poets light but lamps,
Themselves go out—*

Emily Dickinson died in 1886.

Catholic Art and Culture, by Edward Ingram Watkin; Sheed And Ward, New York, 1944. 226 pp. plus illustrations.

JOHN G. BOSCH

Applying his talent to a virgin field of thought, Edward Ingram Watkin, in *Catholic Art and Culture*, traces the development of European faith and culture from the dawn of Christianity, describes their interrelationship, and shows to what extent a synthesis of religion and culture has been achieved. The book is a pioneer volume in the religio-aesthetic field.

Mr. Watkins begins by pointing out that every ancient culture was based upon some sort of religious belief, and goes on to explain the early stages of Christian culture, the vertical movement reaching directly toward God, excluding nature, philosophy, and all else save the *unum necessarium*. Then he gives a glimpse of the rising sap of Christian art, of the achievements of the catacomb artists, who worked in classical convention, yet who took care in execution to bring out the teaching they sought to convey, missing though they did the strict aesthetic ideal of art.

After demonstrating the majesty of the Byzantine, the author introduces Gothic architecture and the credulous Medieval man who, seeing God in material things, appreciated sights of his horizontal vision with his vertical vision because of God in them. Taking his reader through the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, he shows the disintegration of the Medieval synthesis because of a growing national consciousness and secularism both religious and political.

Next, the author analyzes the Renaissance, an ivy-like covering of the horizontal over the walls of Christian truth. Secular subjects are once more treated for their own sake, though Christian subjects ever outnumbering the secular, attest to the abiding superiority of Christianity. The secular tendency was, nevertheless, stronger than Mr. Watkin chooses to admit. We refer him to the chapter entitled "The Age of Athletic Prizemen" in Walter Pater's *Greek Studies*. The age of the Renaissance closed, however, with Michaelangelo, a man who more than any other individual achieved a synthesis of the vertical and horizontal, a man whose figures seem to writhe in the collision of Christ with the Renaissance.

After Michaelangelo's death came the Reformation. Europe was

split into two camps—Catholic and Protestant. The subsequent counter-Reformation was a strong effort to re-establish the Catholic culture of the Middle Ages.

This is, in barest outline, Mr. Watkin's story of the rise of the Baroque, to which he seems particularly devoted. Retaining the Classical form, it preserves the Gothic feeling. It is the first living Catholic religion-culture. "The theme of Baroque," says Mr. Watkin, "is most aptly expressed by St. Paul in the words 'All that is true, all that is just, all that is *beautiful*, let those things fill your hearts'."

The theme of *Catholic Art and Culture* is expressed in the following statement of the author which, though spoken of Baroque alone, can be applied to Catholic religion-culture as a whole.

Baroque will teach us to be free without being lawless, to be humanist without being secular, to rise high, yet range far, to live a life hid with Christ in God, yet to regard no human interest as alien."

Says Mr. Watkin, "The modern world has split this age-old synthesis, and is the Winter of Christianity." But reflecting upon the first Christian ages—the dawn of Christian culture, upon Medieval times—its spring, and upon the Baroque—its summer, he looks beyond this winter to a new spring—a spring we hope is foreshadowed by the Catholic revival inaugurated by Cardinal Newman. As he points out man's futile attempt to establish a vital culture without the necessary link to the source of genuine revelation, Mr. Watkin resembles much this eminent churchman. Looking to contemplative prayer and St. Joseph who, the author is confident, will assist at the rebirth of the mystical body as he did at the Nativity, he hopefully awaits a new "... spring, when the rains of winter are over and gone; dawn, when the night is spent, and on the human horizon once more the Divine Sun shall rise."

A Newman Synthesis, by Erick Przywara, S. J.; Sheed And Ward, New York, 1945. 379 pp.

EMIL F. DINKEL

Cardinal John Henry Newman and clear, precise thinking are inseparable. This fact becomes evident when one reads any of Newman's works. Not only is there in each of them a procession of facts arrived

at by clear thought and reasoning; there also is an interrelation and development of thought in all his works. The Rev. Erick Przywara, S.J., in *A Newman Synthesis*, has given us a systematized presentation of one thought as developed and completed in twenty-four of Newman's works.

The starting point or thought is the proof for the existence of God. From this point other facts are established through logical thought and sound reasoning. Preparations for Christianity, the Old and New Testament, the infallible Church, Faith, God of the Soul, the bond of love, and the next world. Each succeeding thought is not new; it is a direct outgrowth from the preceding thought.

Newman's clear style and love for short, almost synonymous phrases is seen in the excerpts which Father Przywara has included in this book. "... or we receive his information with negligence and unconcern, as something of little consequence, as a matter of opinion; or, if we act upon it, it is a matter of prudence, thinking it best and safest to do so."

The ability of Newman to draw supporting proofs from nature for what he has already reasoned out in his mind is amazing. One of the best examples of this is his proof of why there must be an infallible teaching authority of the Church. "... As we do not find the materials for building laid out in order, stone, timber, and iron—as metal is found in ore and timber on trees—so we must not be surprised, but think it great gain, if we find revealed doctrines scattered about high and low in Scriptures, in places expected and unexpected."

Here Newman merely reasons that if we need engineers and other skilled individuals to correctly use the products of nature, we also need a skilled group to interpret correctly Sacred Scripture and tradition, namely, the infallible teaching authority of the Church.

All students of Newman will welcome this volume, for it gives in perfect sequence and in his own words a mastermind's thoughts on God, the consciousness of sin, Christianity, Faith, and the world to come.

Deep Delta Country, by Harnett T. Kane; Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., New York, 1944. 283 pp.

JOHN E. ROYLE

There is a "paradise incomplete" nestled in the delta of the Mississippi; in his book, *Deep Delta Country*, Harnett T. Kane bids you

join him in exploring it. Not only to enjoyment of tropical beauty, however, does he invite you, but also to study of the history of this section as he has had it narrated to him by the inhabitants themselves. His historical element is not a series of related facts but personal stories from which the reader absorbs the environment and conditions under which the Delta has developed from an isolated region to one of the vertices of continental commerce.

Watch as the Spanish write "fiasco" to their record of attempts at exploration and colonization. Watch the French succeed (after laboring through a passage of waterways from their northern positions in Canada) at settling along the fingers of the Mississippi.

Observe as civilization develops. See men try crop after crop to test the productivity of the soil, and turn from sugar to cotton, from cotton to rice, from rice to flowers. Season after season, men fight failure upon failure to glory in one season of success.

Scrutinize as nationality mingles with nationality in inter-marriage, as various population regimes rule with one characteristic prevalent in them, that of the first nation there—France.

As men try to harness the Mississippi and succeed for temporal periods only, watch the river destroy at random and men rebuild only to await its next escapade. Listen to the trapper, the fisherman, the small farmer as each tells you of his fellowmen and himself in a philosophy typically Stoic.

Study the environment of the inhabitants in their land of enchanting beauty. Read of tropical growth of paradisaean glory, and bayous of deep and provocative splendor.

"Everchanging, Everlasting," is the author's final comment on the land that he knows. This land he has studied, loved and reveled in. At the conclusion of his chapters, meditate with him and affirm with him that this paradise incomplete is truly everchanging, everlasting.

Adventures In Grace, by Raissa Maritain; (Translated by Julia Kernan); Longmans, Green And Company, Inc., 1945. 262 pp.

RICHARD A. GREVER

"Someday I'm going to be a doctor." "Oh, I'd rather be a professional baseball player." "Well, neither of these interests me; I'm planning on being an aviator."

How many times have we not heard a group of young boys carrying on a conversation of this type? But how far did the little doctor advance after he learned of the long years of study ahead of him? Did Joe ever advance to the major leagues? Or did Jim pilot the bomber that speeded Japan's surrender? These youngsters see the end of the road but do not have the light to keep them from stumbling along its way.

Some people, however, discover the light, carry it, and find their way to Eternal Light. In her memoirs entitled *Adventures In Grace*, Raissa Maritain takes us on many happy journeys with men and women who found the light, entered the thorny road, followed it, and found their way to Christ. She relates the manner in which they received the light. Then she goes on to tell of the courage which was necessary for them to carry this light to God and enter the Catholic Church. She does this by giving examples of individual conversions.

Here the author can speak from personal experience, for her father and mother, her husband—the well-known French philosopher and theologian, Jacques Maritain—most of her friends, and she herself are converts.

Each conversion is different from all others. The soldier, the painter, the musician—each must overcome his own obstacles. Raissa's father, for example, received the light of grace many years prior to his death but did not have the courage to submit to God's will until three days before being laid to rest. God, however, heard and answered the unceasing prayers of this old man's daughter, and in just three days he received the Sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, the Holy Eucharist, and Extreme Unction.

This book, as the title indicates, contains true adventure stories. Each related experience is an authentic account of a man or woman who explored the teachings of the Catholic Church and found in these teachings a harbor in which his or her ship of life could be anchored in safety.

In presenting these daring ventures of converts, Raissa Maritain often quotes directly from the person. In the last chapter, for example, she quotes from the writings of Leon Bloy, whose conversion and later life is both interesting and inspiring. One of these picturesque quotations follows:

There's no despair, no bitter sadness for the man who prays a great deal. . . . Faith, Hope, Charity, and Sorrow which is their substratum, are diamonds and diamonds are rare. . . . They cost a great deal. . . . Their cost is Prayer, itself a precious jewel which is necessary to win."

The convert's life is really an adventure in grace. First, there is the light of faith. Then the convert himself must build up that courage which will speed him on in his search for truth. This book lights up for us the bitter but better road that leads to the heavenly kingdom.

John Dooley—Confederate Soldier (His War Journal), edited by Joseph T. Durkin, S.J.; Georgetown University Press, 1945. 242 pp.

LEO F. HERBER

Time clarifies. History made today is not known in its every detail tomorrow. Thus, it is only now, after eight decades, that some important works are being published which will lead eventually to the history of the Civil War as it should be known.

All the books that most of us have read in the past of the wars of our nation have been written from the point of view of the victor. Has anyone ever thought of the view of the conquered—before, during, and after the conflict?

If you have, *John Dooley—Confederate Soldier*, by the Rev. Joseph T. Durkin, S.J., is the book for you to read. It is the diary of a young man who was civilian and soldier, private and lieutenant, advancing and retreating, at first conqueror, at last conquered. It is the diary of one who saw the battles of that bloody civil strife from an entirely different angle than most of us have ever considered them.

The book is exciting, sympathetic, informing. With Father Durkin's notes, it is a book of knowledge. With the typical southern soul of the writer, it is a book of human feeling. With its proximity to the recent conflict of our nation, it is a book that cannot be questioned as to timeliness.

John Dooley—Confederate Soldier has a special quality that will please all, from the critical professor of history to those at home who are waiting for their soldiers to return.

THE SHOWER

Brushing down with magnificent ease,
Splashing cool in tingling freedom,
Bouncing broadly in bounteous drops,
The rain comes lilting down.

Cleansing the air with a steady sweep,
Bathing our faces with its glorious flow,
Freshening all with generous joy,
The shower drenches deep.

Violets nod 'neath watery caress,
Lilacs drip with joy o'erflowed,
Tulips burst in joyous tears;
The cloud kisses all.

Spent clouds roll away,
Earth glistens with farewell tears;
Nor are they dried until the sun
Smiles through the washed leaves.

James W. Bender.